

STAR WARS® DARTH VADER



ALL-NEW STORY
END OF GAMES
STARTS NOW!

MARVEL

020

GILLEN
LARROCA
DELGADO

真馬
BROOKS

THE SHU-TORUN WAR

It is a time of great unrest and rebuilding for the Empire. After the destruction of the Death Star, Darth Vader is working to atone for his failure by reigning in those who oppose the Empire's rule.

With the unrest on Shu-Torun subdued and the planet's allegiance and resources won at last, Darth Vader's standing with his Master, Emperor Palpatine, has greatly improved. All is not well, however, as Cylo, Darth Vader's rival, has been exposed as a traitor and is on the run. What's more, the location of Vader's secret ally, Dr. Aphra, has been located at last by none other than Inspector Thanoth.

Now, Vader travels to Coruscant to meet with the Emperor once more....

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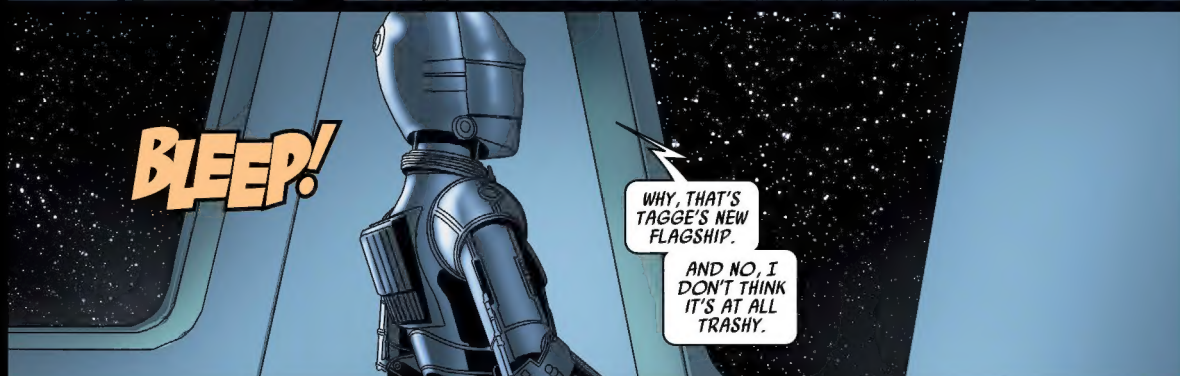
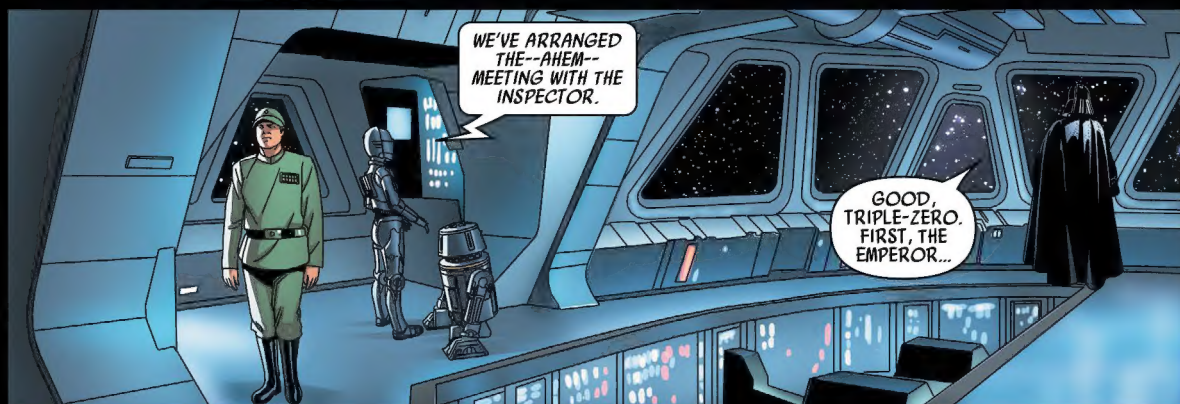
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Kuat.

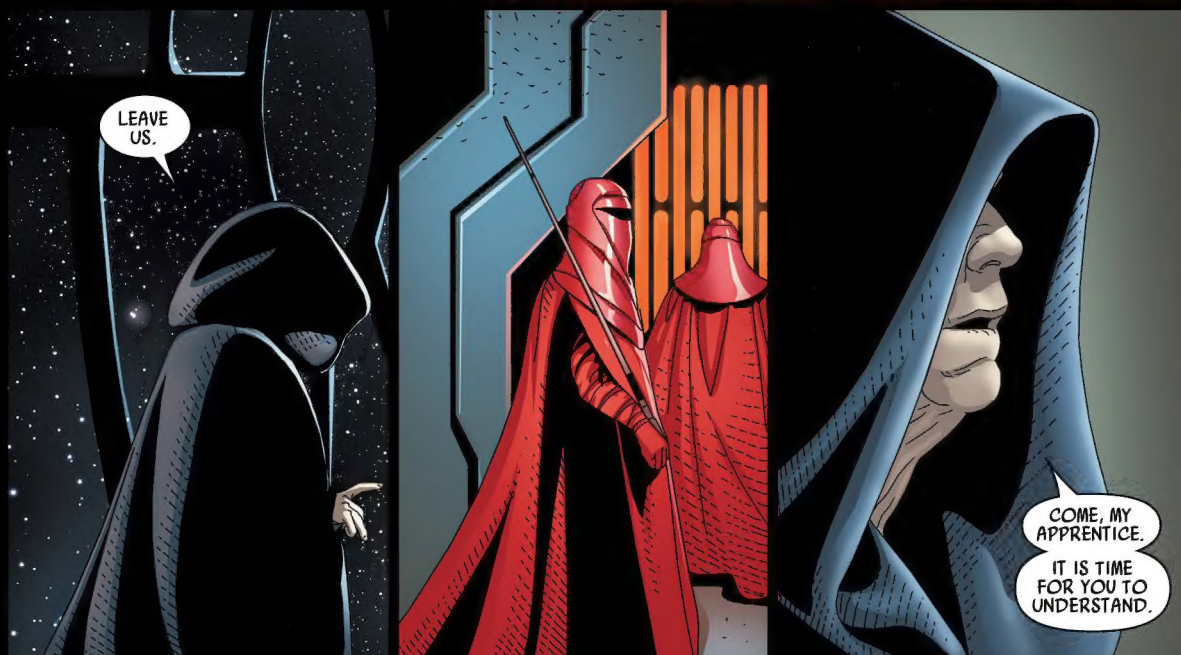
MASTER!



*The Executor,
Super Star Destroyer.*



Aboard the
Executor.





A LONG, LONG
TIME AGO, THERE
WERE MANY SITH. WE
ROSE UP AGAINST
THE SIMPERING
LIGHT...

WE WARRD
WITH THE JEDI...AND
LOST AS WE ALSO
WARRD AMONGST
OUR OWN KIND.

FOR A
THOUSAND
YEARS WE HAVE KEPT
TO THE SHADOWS,
NOT AFRAID OF THE
JEDI--BUT
OURSELVES.



THE DARK
SIDE IS POWERFUL.
IT IS **TOO**
POWERFUL.

THE WEAK
WILL MEEKLY STAND
IN REGIMENTED
ORDER.
THE SITH...



ONE
MASTER. ONE
APPRENTICE.
NO MORE.

FOR
GENERATIONS.

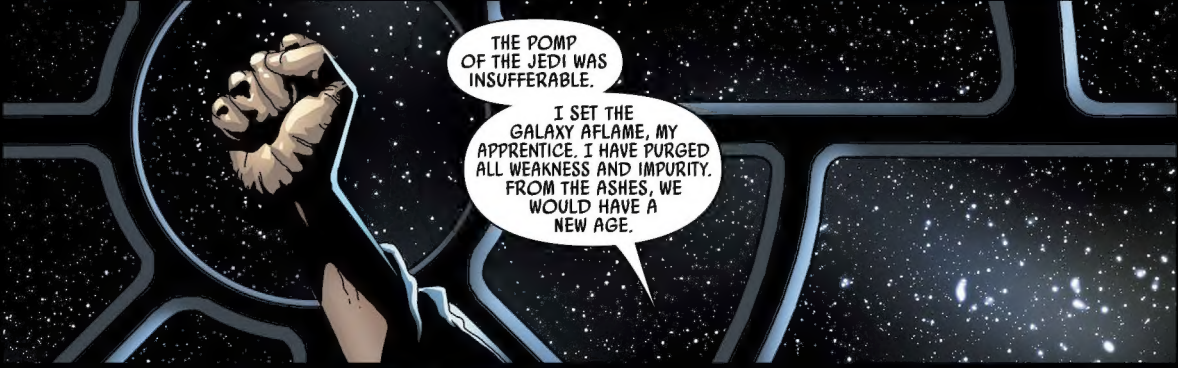


GENERATIONS
BUILDING
TO ME.



I AM THE
FIRST TO RESTORE
THE SITH TO THEIR
RIGHTFUL PLACE IN
THE GALAXY.

AS WE
PLANNED, THE
JEDI THOUGHT THE SITH
GONE, WE WERE SO
INCONSEQUENTIAL.



THE POMP
OF THE JEDI WAS
INSUFFERABLE.

I SET THE
GALAXY AFLAME, MY
APPRENTICE. I HAVE PURGED
ALL WEAKNESS AND IMPURITY.
FROM THE ASHES, WE
WOULD HAVE A
NEW AGE.



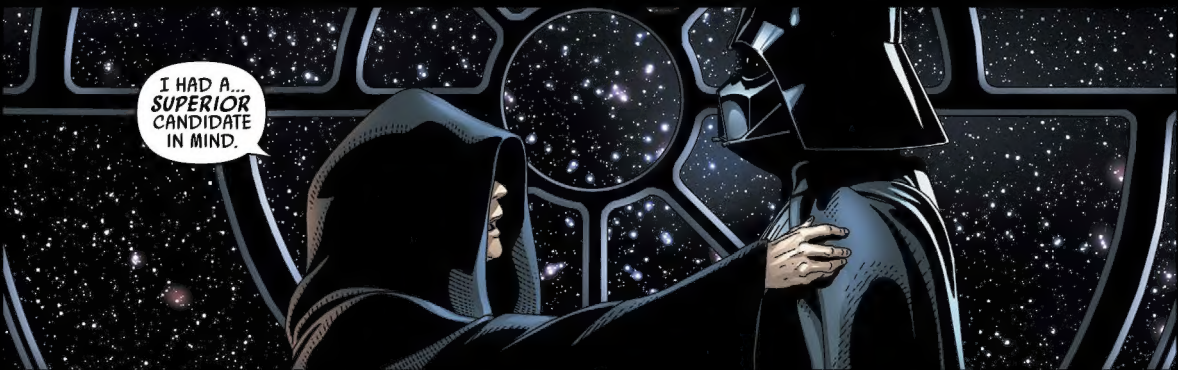
I LEARNED
FROM THE MISTAKES
OF MY FOREBEARS.
I USED THOSE WHO WERE
NOT SITH TO ACHIEVE
MY AIMS.

AND MY
APPRENTICES?
DARTH MAUL WAS A
LOSS, BUT DARTH
TYRANUS...



...HE WAS
A PROTON
TORPEDO.

HE SERVED
HIS PURPOSE
AND WAS
GONE...



I HAD A...
SUPERIOR
CANDIDATE
IN MIND.



WE
DID IT,
VADER.

THE JEDI
DESTROYED! THE
REPUBLIC A SHATTERED
CORPSE FOR ME TO
RESURRECT AS A
PUPPET!

AND YOU,
VADER--THE BOY
TRANSFORMED INTO
THE MAN YOU WERE
DESTINED
TO BE...

AND THEN
MUSTAFAR.



YOUR FAILURE THERE
JEOPARDIZED
EVERYTHING.

THERE WAS SO MUCH MORE
TO DO. IN THESE MOST VITAL
DECADES, I NEEDED AN
APPRENTICE WITH MIGHT.

I SOUGHT, OF
COURSE. I FOUND
CANDIDATES--BUT NONE
SUFFICIENT. SOME WITH
VISION BUT NO AMBITION.
SOME FRACTURED SOULS
WHO I MOLDED TO SERVE A
SMALLER PURPOSE...BUT
ALL INSUFFICIENT FOR
THE LEGACY OF
THE SITH.



FOR
THE EMPIRE TO LIVE, DARTH
VADER HAD TO
LIVE.



I TURNED TO
SCIENTISTS. THE BEST.
THE BOLDEST. THE ONES
MORE AKIN TO THE SITH
THAN THEIR JEDI-LIKE
PEERS...

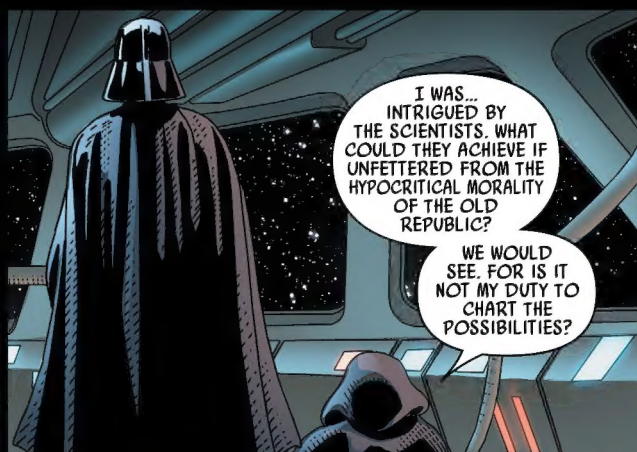
CYLO
WAS AMONG
THEM.



IN THAT LONG NIGHT, WITH THEIR TECHNOLOGY, WE REMADE YOU.

IN THIS WAY, WE SAVED THE EMPIRE.

I WOULD HAVE THE APPRENTICE I REQUIRED.



I WAS... INTRIGUED BY THE SCIENTISTS. WHAT COULD THEY ACHIEVE IF UNFETTERED FROM THE HYPOCRITICAL MORALITY OF THE OLD REPUBLIC?

WE WOULD SEE. FOR IS IT NOT MY DUTY TO CHART THE POSSIBILITIES?

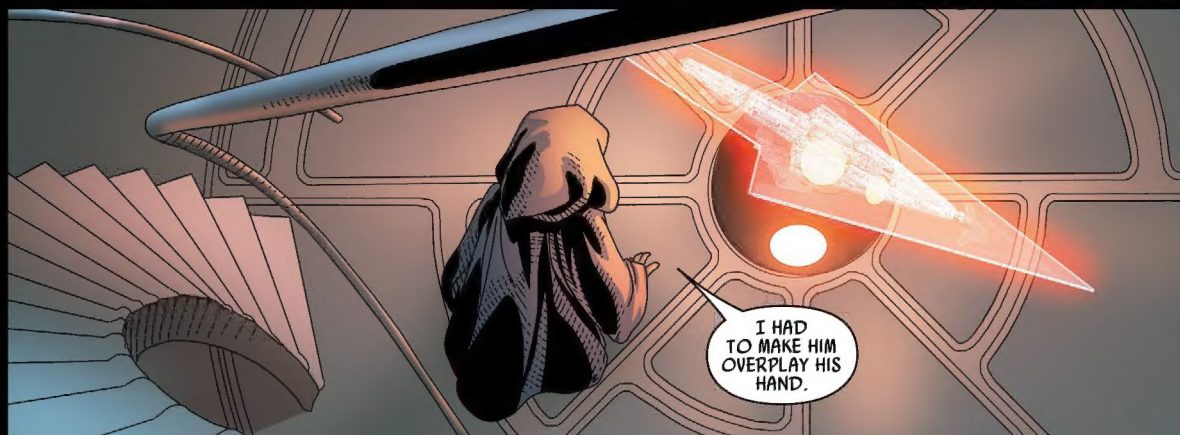


YOU MADE A MISTAKE.



CYLO GREW POWERFUL. HIS TENDRILS WERE DEEP IN TARKIN'S INITIATIVE. HIS CANCER WAS AS ONE WITH ITS FLESH.

IF I SIMPLY TORE HIM FREE, I WOULD RISK A SCHISM OF THE EMPIRE'S GREAT MINDS. WHILE THE DEATH STAR WAS BEING CONSTRUCTED, THAT WAS UNTHINKABLE. AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION, IT WAS EVEN MORE SO...



I HAD TO MAKE HIM OVERPLAY HIS HAND.



IN THE WAKE OF THE
DISASTER AT YAVIN, HE
CAME TO ME WITH A
PLAN...

DARTH VADER HAD FAILED.
HE HAD GROOMED
REPLACEMENTS.

I PLAYED
TO HIS EGO
AND SUGGESTED
HE PROVE
HIMSELF...



MY TRUE
APPRENTICE WOULD
FRUSTRATE THE
COPIES.

EVENTUALLY,
DRIVEN BY PRIDE
AND DESPERATION,
CYLO WOULD GO
TOO FAR...



...AND THEN,
WHEN HE WAS
SIMPLY A TRAITOR,
WE COULD
PURGE HIM.

DO YOU
UNDERSTAND,
VADER?

I DO.



IF ANY OF
CYLO'S TOYS
HAD SUCCEEDED,
YOU WOULD BE
MAKING THIS
SPEECH TO
THEM.





THAT
DOES NOT
MATTER.



THE DARK
SIDE IS
STRENGTH.

I AM THAT
STRENGTH.

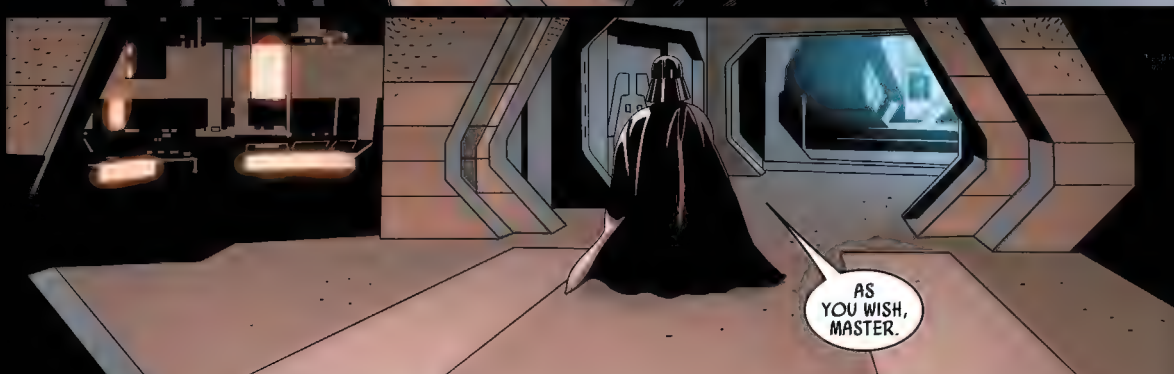


YOU ARE,
VADER.

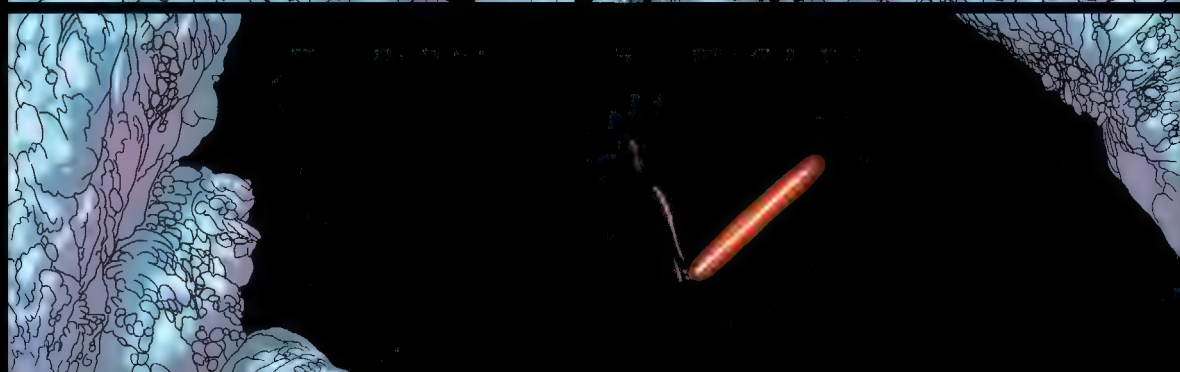
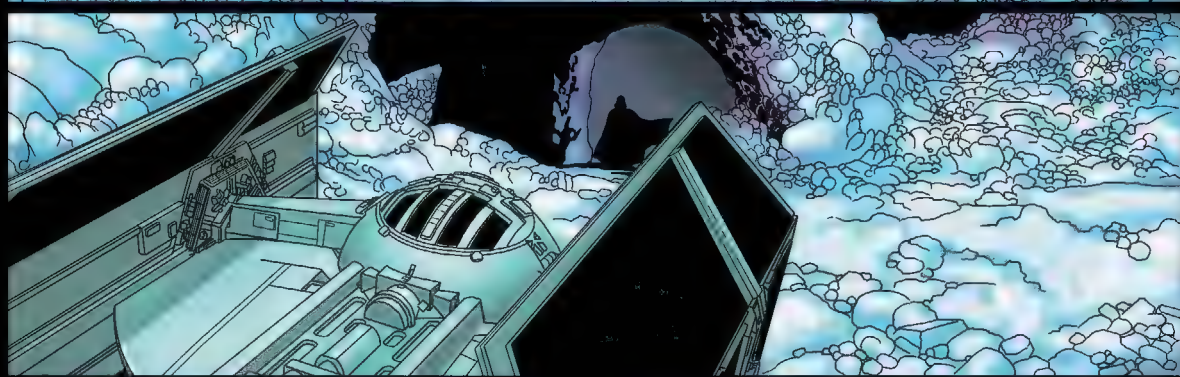
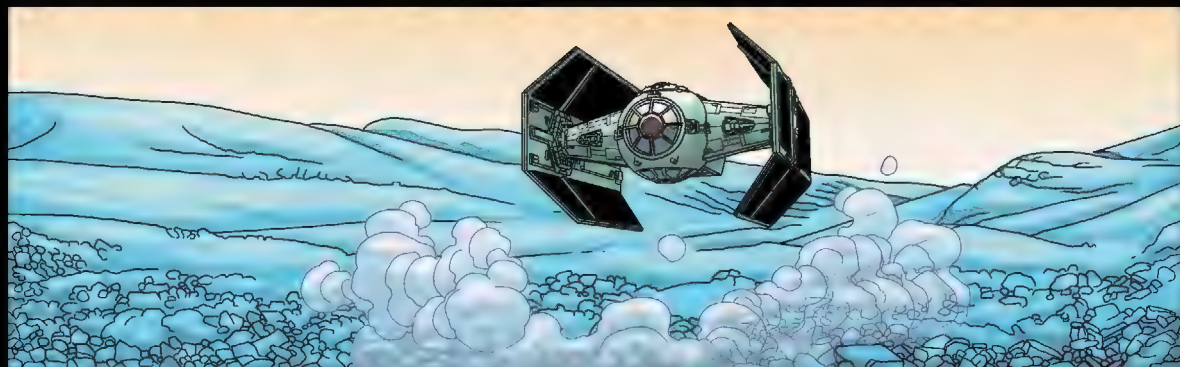
CYLO HAS
RUN. FIND
HIM.



HE MUST BE
DESTROYED.



AS
YOU WISH,
MASTER.







A comic book panel showing Darth Vader on the left, holding a red lightsaber. Doctor Aphra is on the right, looking at him. The background is a dark, rocky landscape under a purple sky.

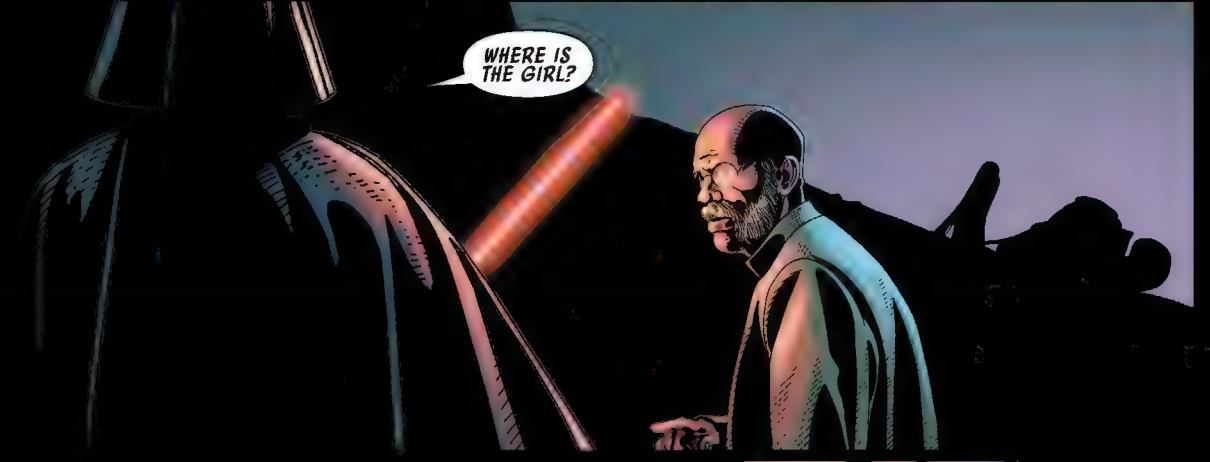
WHERE IS
THE GIRL,
THANOTH?



A comic book panel showing a close-up of Doctor Aphra. He is looking slightly to the right. A red lightsaber beam is visible in the background.

DOCTOR
APHRA, LORD
VADER. LET'S CALL
HER BY NAME. SHE IS
YOUR AGENT,
AFTER ALL.

THOUGH YOU
SHOULD KNOW THERE
ARE SOME LINGERING
DOUBTS OVER HER
DOCTORATE...



A comic book panel showing Darth Vader on the left and Doctor Aphra on the right. Vader is looking at Aphra. A red lightsaber beam is visible between them.

WHERE IS
THE GIRL?



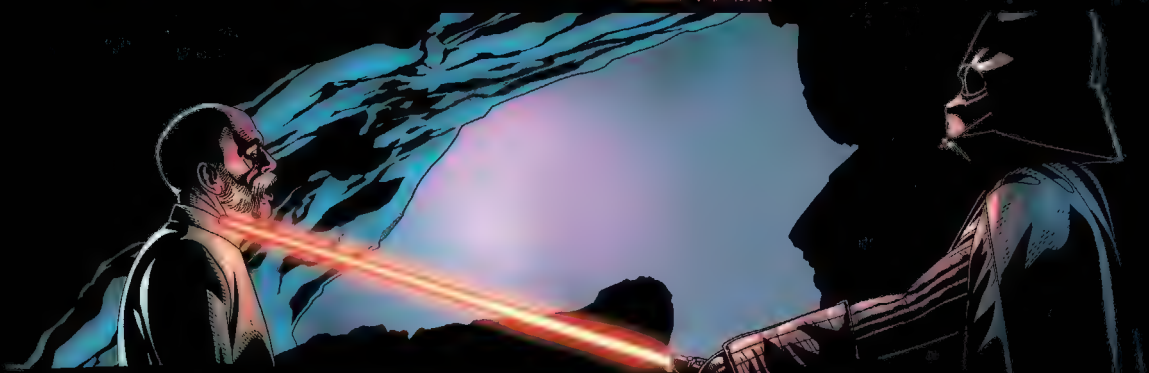
A comic book panel showing a close-up of Doctor Aphra's face. He has a mustache and glasses. A red lightsaber beam is visible in the background.

THIS
WOULD GO A
LOT QUICKER IF YOU
CUT THIS BLUSTER.
I'M NOT AFRAID
OF YOU.

I HAVE
SOMETHING
YOU WANT. AS
LONG AS IT'S IN MY
POSSESSION,
I'M SAFE.



PATIENCE,
LORD VADER.
PATIENCE.
ALL
IN GOOD
TIME.



SAY YOUR
PIECE.
MAKE IT
QUICK.

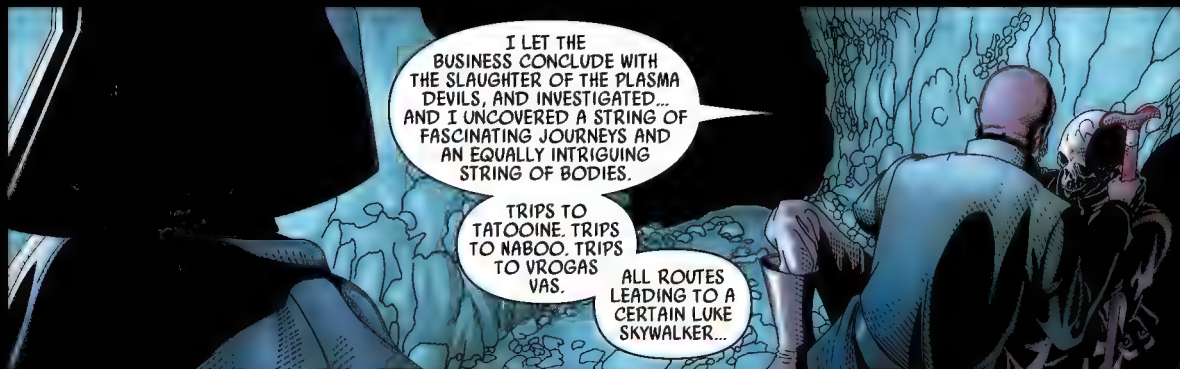


THE GIRL'S
ESCAPE...NAGGED.
TOO MANY LOOSE ENDS.
TOO MANY COINCIDENCES.
SOMETHING GRANDER WAS
AFOOT THAN SIMPLE
LARCENY.

SHE WAS
BEING PROTECTED.
THE SUSPECT WAS...
WELL, SOMEWHAT
OBVIOUS, LORD
VADER.



HOW COULD
SHE GAIN THE
PATRONAGE OF A
DARK LORD OF
THE SITH?



I LET THE BUSINESS CONCLUDE WITH THE SLAUGHTER OF THE PLASMA DEVILS, AND INVESTIGATED... AND I UNCOVERED A STRING OF FASCINATING JOURNEYS AND AN EQUALLY INTRIGUING STRING OF BODIES.

TRIPS TO TATOOINE, TRIPS TO NABOO, TRIPS TO VROGAS VAS.

ALL ROUTES LEADING TO A CERTAIN LUKE SKYWALKER...



"SKYWALKER." THERE'S A NAME WITH HISTORY, EH?

A POWERFUL BLOODLINE. SO MUCH POTENTIAL...



YOU WISH TO FIND THE BOY, TRAIN HIM IN YOUR WAYS AND SUPPLANT THE EMPEROR.



APHRA NEEDS TO BE REMOVED TO ENSURE THE EMPEROR NEVER DISCOVERS.

YOU NEED TO FIND HER... AND I'M HERE TO TELL YOU WHERE SHE IS.

WHY?



"WHY?" YOU
SPEAK AS IF
THERE'S ONLY ONE
REASON.

PRIMARYLY?
THE EMPEROR IS WEAK.
A PLAN STRETCHING
ACROSS DECADES TO BUILD
AN UNPARALLELED WEAPON...
AND A HANDFUL OF FIGHTERS
BRING IT CRASHING DOWN.
HIS GRASP IS FALTERING. A
STRONGER HAND IS
REQUIRED.

THE EMPEROR
IS A MAN. I BELIEVE
IN THE **ETERNAL**
EMPIRE.

YOU ARE
BETTER FOR THE
EMPIRE...SO YOUR
PLAN MUST
SUCCEED.



THEN
TELL ME!

BUT THERE'S
THAT OTHER "WHY"--WHY
DIDN'T I, FOR EXAMPLE,
SEND YOU AN ANONYMOUS
MESSAGE WITH HER
LOCATION?

MAYBE THEN
YOU WOULDN'T
HAVE TO KILL
ME, TOO...

BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT A FOOL, LORD VADER. YOU
ARE TENACIOUS AND UNSTOPPABLE. LOOK AT ALL
THE BODIES YOU THREW INTO MY PATH TO TRY
AND PUT ME OFF THE SCENT.

YOU WOULD HAVE
TO KNOW THE SOURCE.
EVENTUALLY, YOU'D FIND A
CLUE...AND THEN YOU WOULD
NOT REST UNTIL YOU SAW ME
DEAD BY YOUR OWN
TWO HANDS.



SO, I COULD
SEND AN ANONYMOUS
MESSAGE, AND THEN SPEND
THE REST OF MY LIFE RUNNING
WHILE YOU WASTE EFFORT
THAT SHOULD BE SPENT ON
RESCUING THE EMPIRE
FROM ITSELF...







SIR! OVER
HERE, SIR!



ARE WE ON
CORPSE
DISPOSAL
DUTY AGAIN?

QUITE, BEETEE.
I'M EXCITED BY
THE PROSPECT,
TOO.

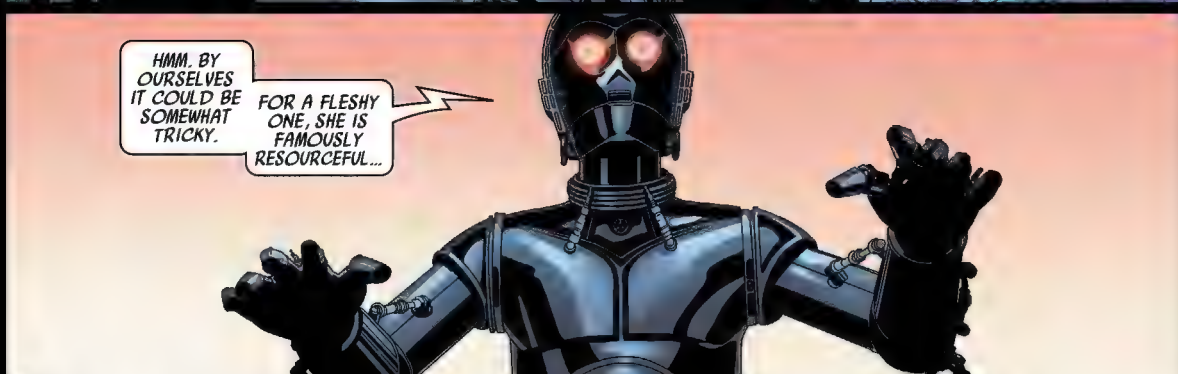
BLEEP!



I HAVE BUSINESS
WITH THE
SCIENTIST.

APHRA IS ON THE THE
COSMATANIC STEPPES IN THE
OUTER RIM. YOU WILL RETURN
HER TO THE EXECUTOR.
FAILING THAT, SHE MUST
BE SILENCED.

THESE ARE
YOUR PRIORITY
ORDERS. ARE YOU
CAPABLE OF THIS,
DROIDS?



HMM. BY
OURSELVES
IT COULD BE
SOMEWHAT
TRICKY.

FOR A FLESHY
ONE, SHE IS
FAMOUSLY
RESOURCEFUL...

A comic book panel showing C-3PO on the left, looking towards the right. Behind him are Chewbacca, several Ewoks, and R2-D2. The background is a soft orange and yellow sky.

...LUCKILY, WE'VE
MANAGED TO ACQUIRE
A NUMBER OF FRIENDS
ON OUR ADVENTURES.

WE'LL BE
FINE.

A comic book panel showing a close-up of C-3PO's head and upper body. He is gesturing with his right arm towards a floating open box in the background.

BLEEP!

NO, I DON'T THINK
MASTER VADER IS
GOING TO BRING
CYLO BACK.

BLEEP!

YES, IT IS A
SHAME. I'D HAVE
JUST LOVED TO
TORTURE HIM TO
DEATH AGAIN.

To be continued in
DARTH VADER #21...

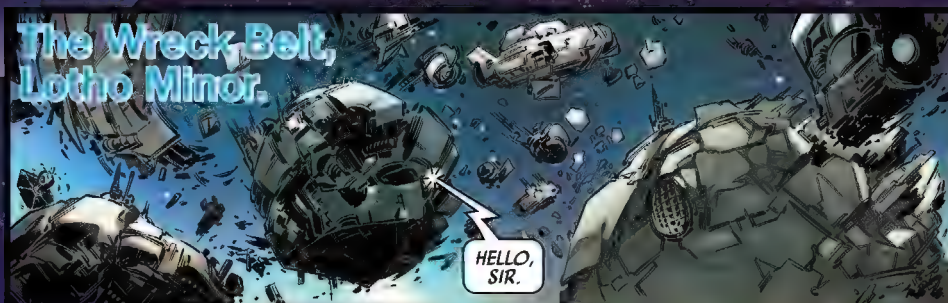
DARTH VADER

NEXT ISSUE:

6/8/16



The Wreck Belt, Lotho Minor.



HELLO,
SIR.

HOW
ARE YOU
TODAY?

WOULD BE
BETTER IF I KNEW
WHY TWO DROIDS
ARE BOTHERING
AN OLD MAN...



WE HAVE SOME
NEED OF REPAIRS,
SUPPLIES, AND
ASSORTED SUNDRIES.

OUR
MISTRESS APHRA
RECOMMENDED
YOU HIGHLY.

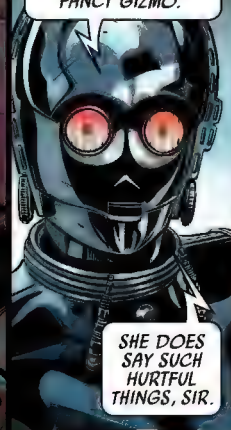
SHE DID,
DID SHE? WHAT'S
THAT GIRL BEEN
SAYING ABOUT
RUEN?

BLEEP!



"HE'S GOT
SKILLS THAT COULD
TAKE A HALF-DOZEN
TIN CANS AND TURN
THEM INTO A DEATH
STAR...BUT HE'D SELL
HIS OWN MOTHER
INTO SLAVERY TO
PAY FOR HIS NEXT
FANCY GIZMO."

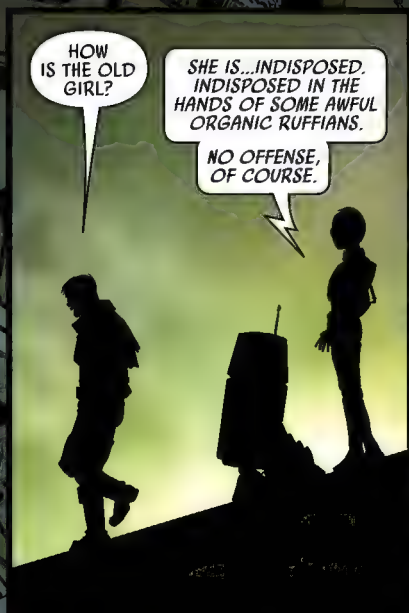
SHE DOES
SAY SUCH
HURTFUL
THINGS, SIR.



YEAH,
YOU'RE
APHRA'S.

COME
ON IN...





HOW IS THE OLD GIRL?

SHE IS...INDISPOSED. INDISPOSED IN THE HANDS OF SOME AWFUL ORGANIC RUFFIANS.

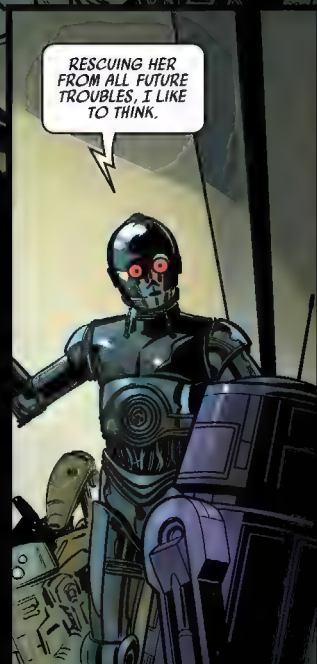
NO OFFENSE, OF COURSE.



ARE YOU GOING TO RESCUE HER?

THAT'S CERTAINLY ONE PERSPECTIVE ON IT, SIR.

BLEEP!



RESCUING HER FROM ALL FUTURE TROUBLES, I LIKE TO THINK.



WHAT DO YOU NEED?

I'VE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF DETAILING WHAT WE REQUIRE.

IT'S QUITE EXTENSIVE.



THE REPAIRS ARE THE MAIN PROBLEM. MY CHASSIS IS HIGHLY CUSTOMIZED BY MISTRESS APHRA FROM A CYBOT GALACTICA 3PO MODEL.

DURING A RECENT ADVENTURE I HAD TO REPLACE MY ARMS WITH SOME STANDARD GALACTICA LIMBS, AND SINCE SHE'S BEEN AWAY, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO HAVE THEM REPLACED.

I MANAGED TO HAVE A SYRINGE INSTALLED, BUT LITTLE ELSE.

YOU'RE NOT A MEDBOT. WHY DO YOU NEED A SYRINGE?



FOR MEDICAL
EMERGENCIES.

NO, BEETEE. I
DID NOT LIE.

I DIDN'T SPECIFY
WHETHER I MEANT
"SOLVING" OR
"CREATING" THEM.

BLEEP!



SUBDERMAL
ELECTRIC
PULSERS. A
POISON ARRAY.
AND...ALL THE
REST.

IN A
PROTOCOL
DROID.

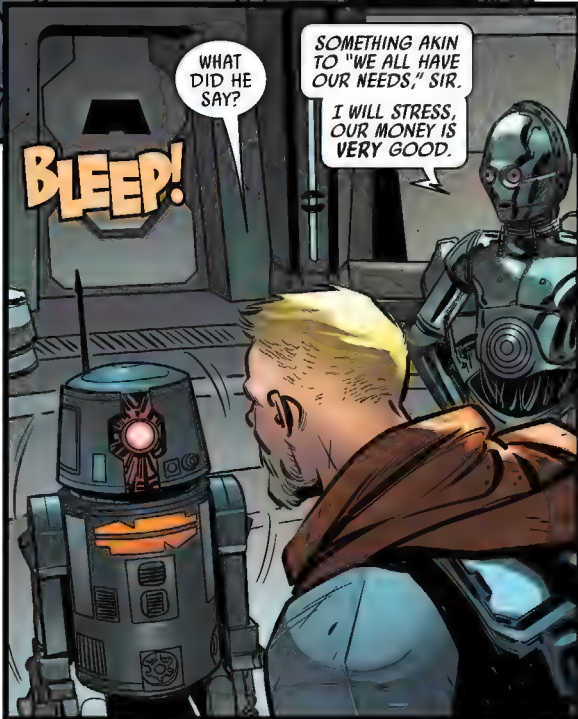
IT'S NOT
ALL FOR
ME.

IF YOU SCROLL
DOWN, YOU'LL SEE
WE REQUIRE SOME
QUITE CONSIDERABLE
MUNITIONS...



SURFACE-TO-AIR PROTON
TORPEDOES? ROTARY
BLASTER CHAMBERS?
PLASMA FLUID?

WHY DO A
COUPLE OF
DROIDS NEED ENOUGH
ORDNANCE TO ARM
AN ENTIRE IMPERIAL
SPECIAL FORCES
SQUAD?



WHAT
DID HE
SAY?

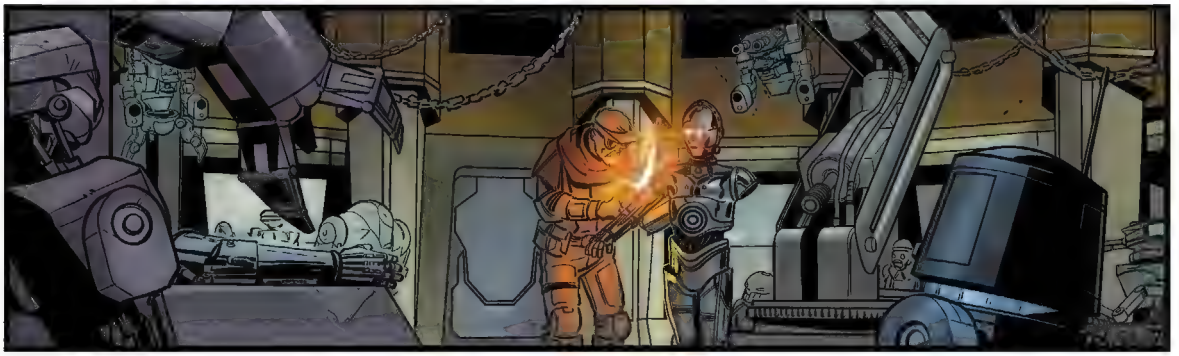
BLEEP!

SOMETHING AKIN
TO "WE ALL HAVE
OUR NEEDS," SIR.
I WILL STRESS,
OUR MONEY IS
VERY GOOD.



OKAY, OKAY.
I UNDERSTAND.
I'LL GET TO
WORK.

LET
ME GET
THESE OFF
YOU...



RIGHT.
NOW YOU'RE
SAFELY
UNARMED...

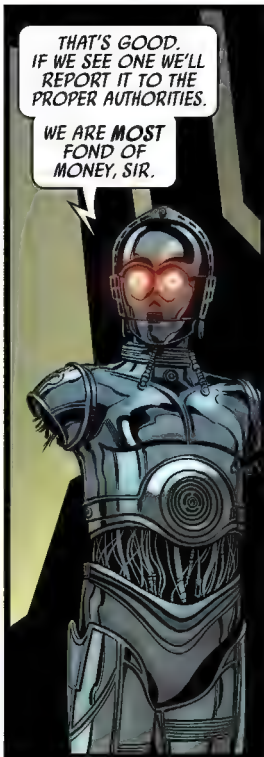
OH, VERY
GOOD, SIR.

WORDPLAY.
I DO LIKE
WORDPLAY.



THERE WAS A RAID ON ONE OF
THE QUARANTINE WORLDS IN
KALLIDAHIN SPACE. MURDERED ONE
OF THE CURATORS. NOW, SLAUGHTER
ISN'T EXACTLY APHRA'S STYLE, BUT
THE REST IS EXACTLY THE SORT OF
CRAZY FOOL STUNT SHE WASTES
HER LIFE DOING.

SOMEONE
RAN OFF WITH THE
TRIPLE-ZERO MATRIX.
BIG REWARD FOR
ITS RETURN.



THAT'S GOOD.
IF WE SEE ONE WE'LL
REPORT IT TO THE
PROPER AUTHORITIES.

WE ARE MOST
FOND OF
MONEY, SIR.



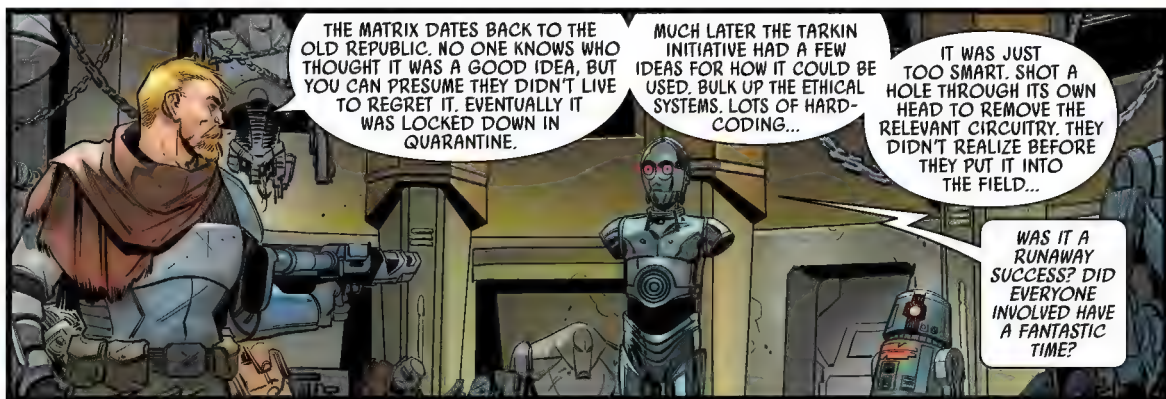
DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT
THE TRIPLE-ZERO
MATRIX,
DROID?

ONLY A LITTLE. SOME
MANNER OF MURDEROUS
PROTOCOL UPGRADE.
ASSASSIN BOT.

SOUNDS QUITE
FRIGHTFUL.



REATTACH
MY ARMS,
SIR.



THE MATRIX DATES BACK TO THE OLD REPUBLIC. NO ONE KNOWS WHO THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD IDEA, BUT YOU CAN PRESUME THEY DIDN'T LIVE TO REGRET IT. EVENTUALLY IT WAS LOCKED DOWN IN QUARANTINE.

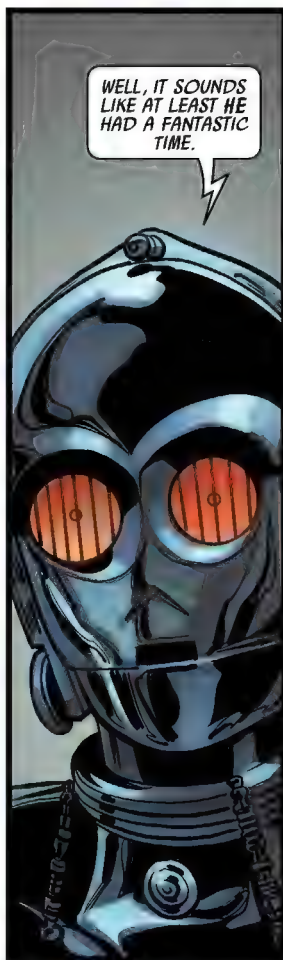
MUCH LATER THE TARKIN INITIATIVE HAD A FEW IDEAS FOR HOW IT COULD BE USED. BULK UP THE ETHICAL SYSTEMS. LOTS OF HARD-CODING...

IT WAS JUST TOO SMART. SHOT A HOLE THROUGH ITS OWN HEAD TO REMOVE THE RELEVANT CIRCUITRY. THEY DIDN'T REALIZE BEFORE THEY PUT IT INTO THE FIELD...

WAS IT A RUNAWAY SUCCESS? DID EVERYONE INVOLVED HAVE A FANTASTIC TIME?



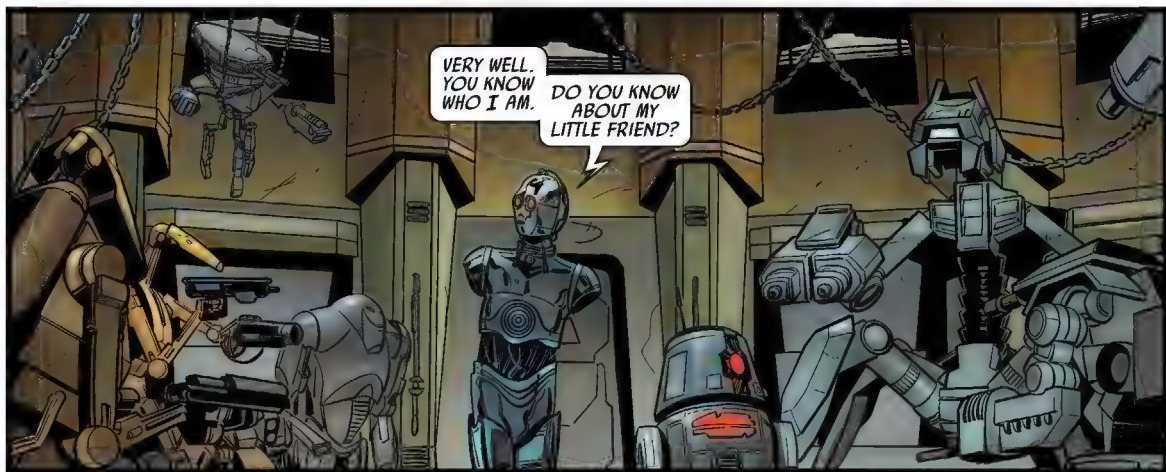
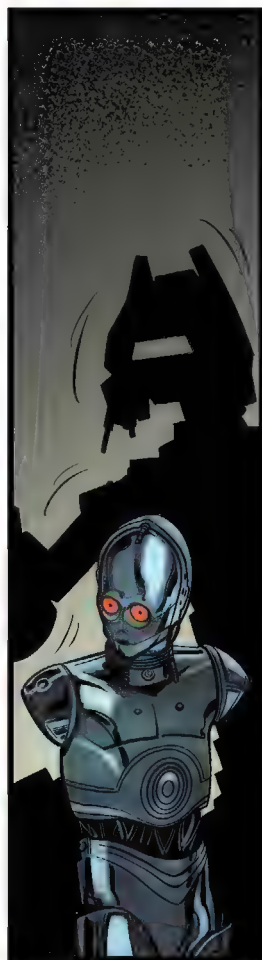
IT MURDERED THEM AND WENT ON A RAMPAGE ACROSS THE UNIVERSE FOR THREE YEARS BEFORE THEY CAUGHT UP WITH IT, AND THREW IT BACK INTO QUARANTINE.



WELL, IT SOUNDS LIKE AT LEAST HE HAD A FANTASTIC TIME.

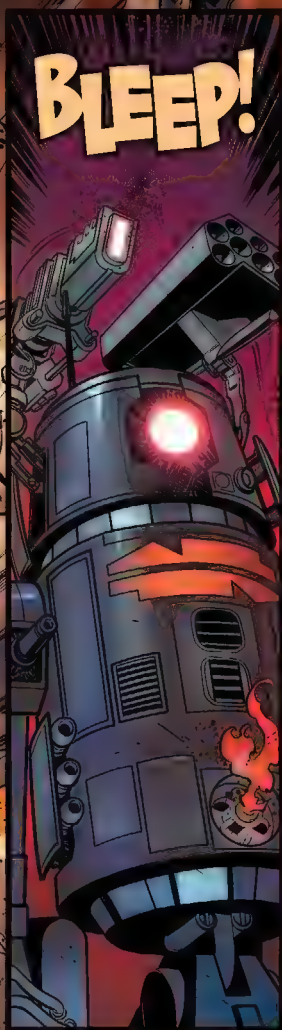


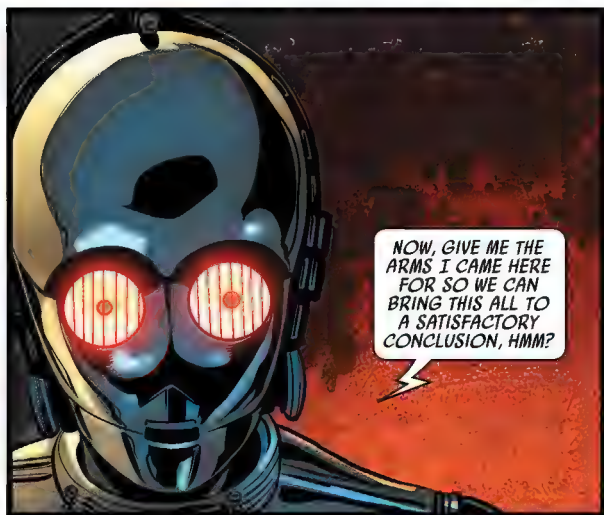
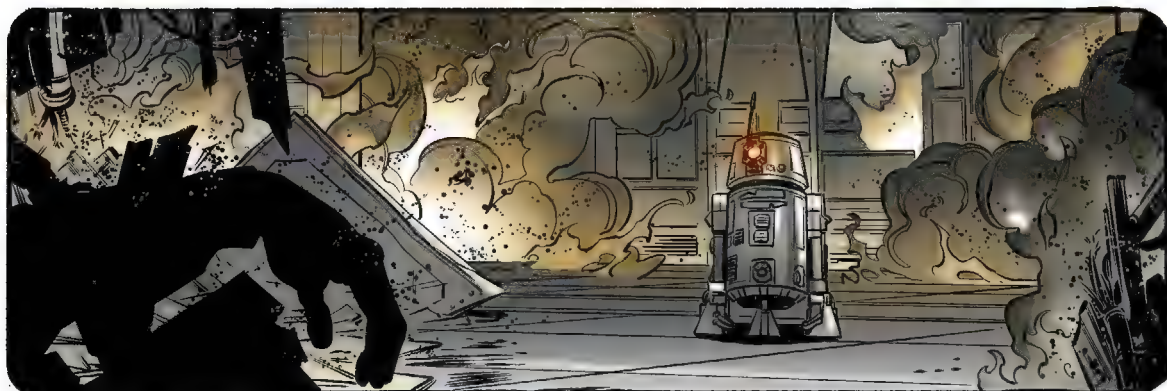
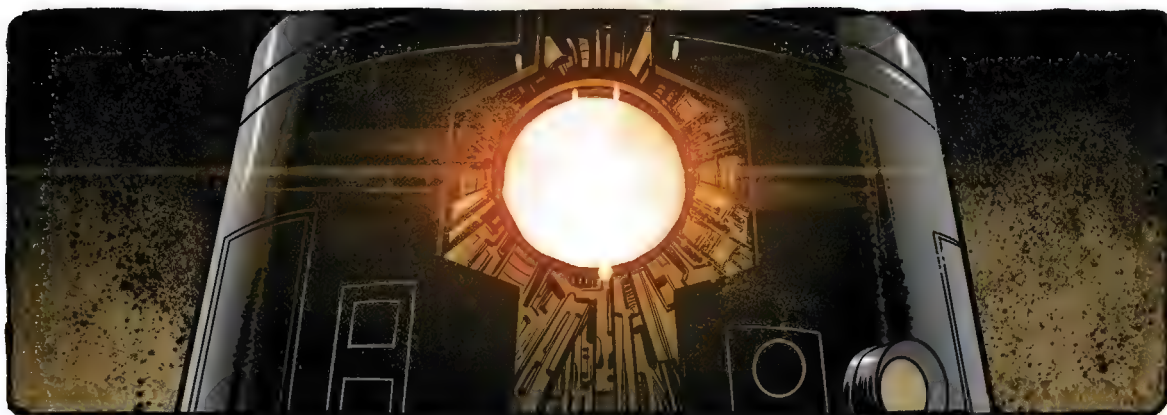
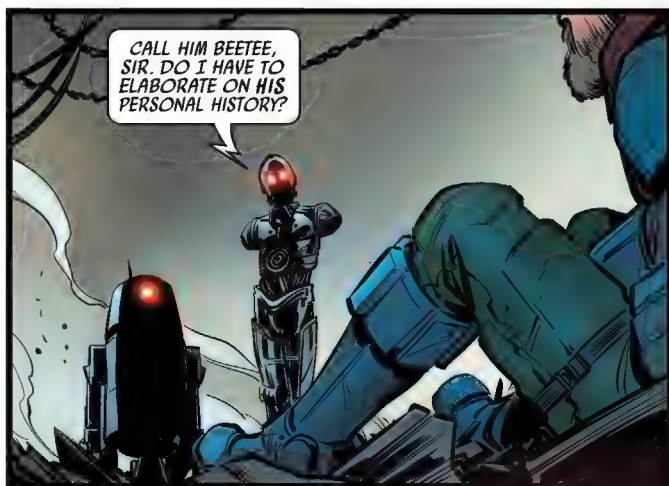
YOU'RE THE TRIPLE-ZERO MATRIX.



VERY WELL. YOU KNOW WHO I AM.

DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MY LITTLE FRIEND?



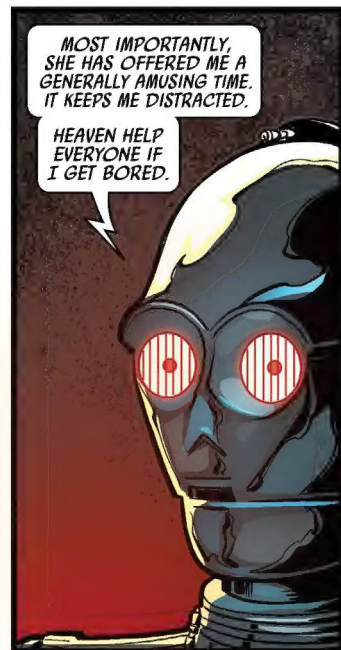




HOW THE HELL DOES APHRA KEEP YOU ON A LEASH?

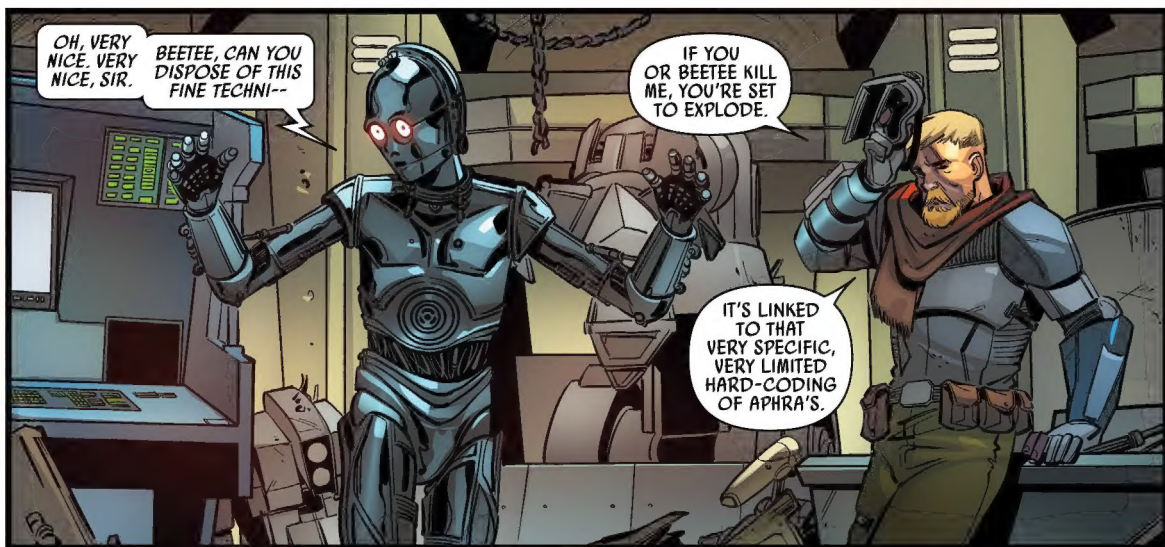
SHE HAS VERY SPECIFIC, VERY LIMITED BLOCKS.

PLUS, IN HER ODD WAY, SHE TREATS ME WITH RESPECT.



MOST IMPORTANTLY, SHE HAS OFFERED ME A GENERALLY AMUSING TIME. IT KEEPS ME DISTRACTED.

HEAVEN HELP EVERYONE IF I GET BORED.



OH, VERY NICE. VERY NICE, SIR.

BEETEE, CAN YOU DISPOSE OF THIS FINE TECHNI--

IF YOU OR BEETEE KILL ME, YOU'RE SET TO EXPLODE.

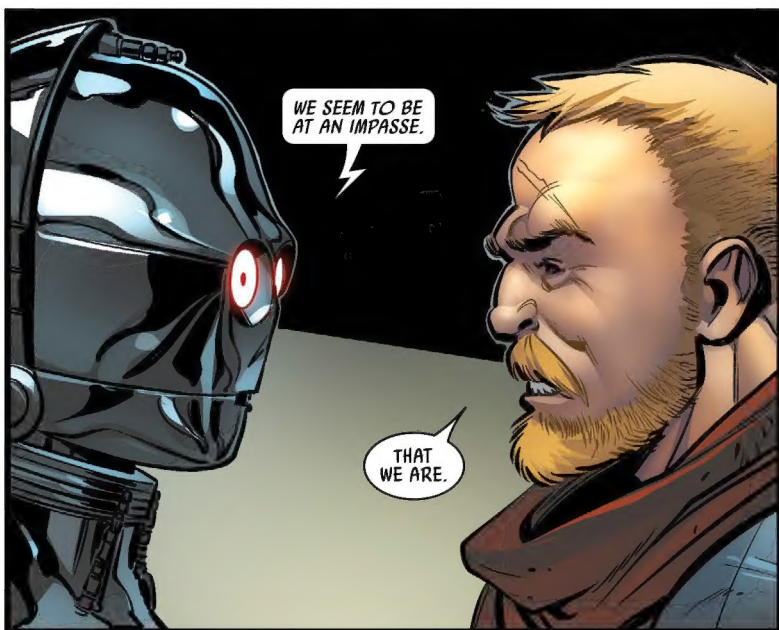
IT'S LINKED TO THAT VERY SPECIFIC, VERY LIMITED, HARD-CODING OF APHRA'S.



YOU ARE THE CLEVER ONE. I CAN DEFINITELY SEE WHY YOU WERE MISTRESS APHRA'S FRIEND.

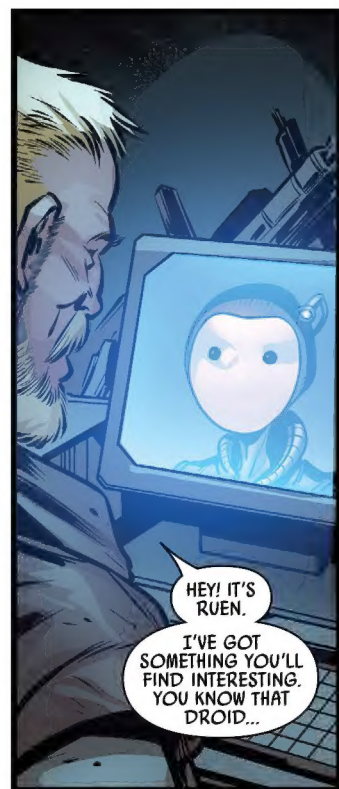
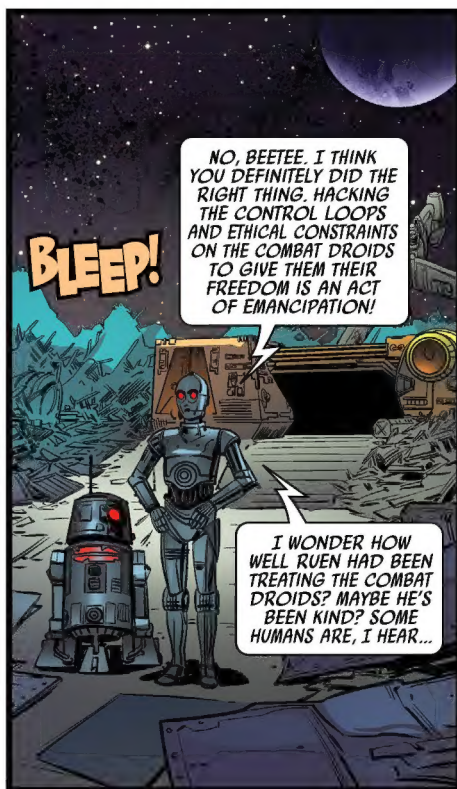
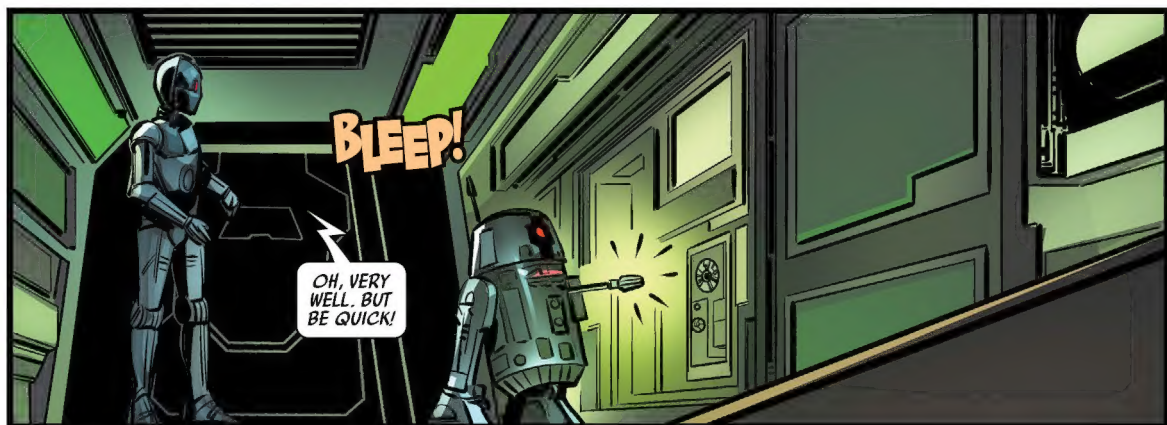
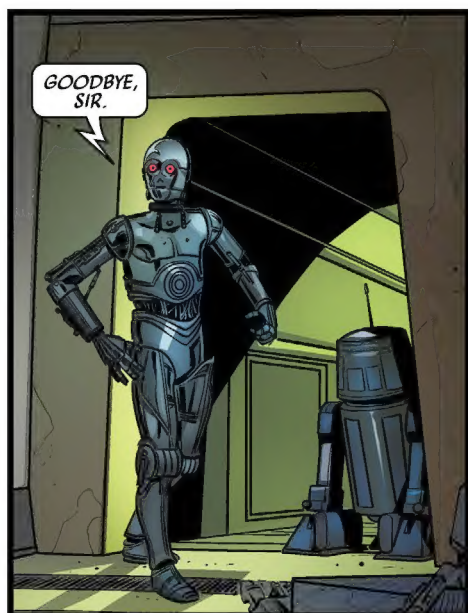
WE NEED YOU TO NOT REPORT OUR EXISTENCE TO THE AUTHORITIES AND YOU NEED US TO LEAVE YOU ALIVE, DUE TO THAT TERRIBLE DELUSION ORGANICS HAVE THAT THEIR LIVES ARE ACTUALLY WORTH A RUSTY BOLT.

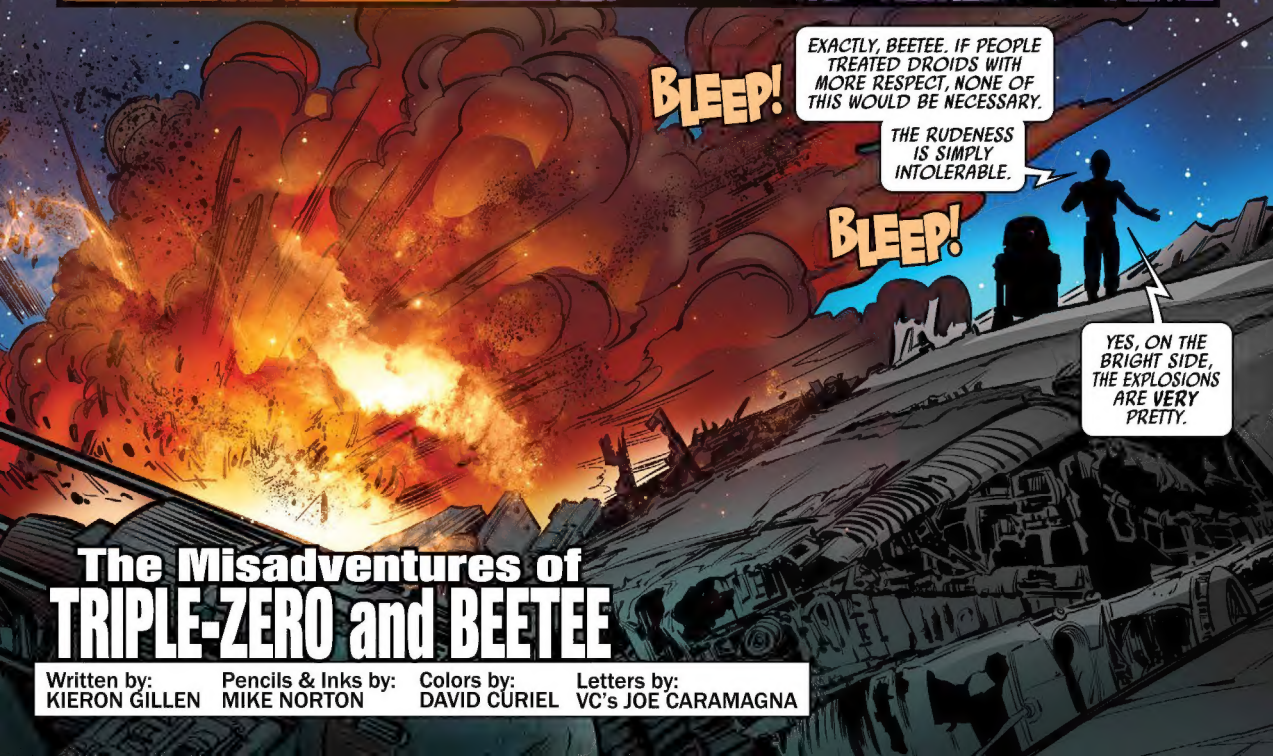
HMMM.



WE SEEM TO BE AT AN IMPASSE.

THAT WE ARE.





The Misadventures of TRIPLE-ZERO and BEETEE

Written by: KIERON GILLEN Pencils & Inks by: MIKE NORTON Colors by: DAVID CURIEL Letters by: VC's JOE CARAMAGNA

• Tour •
THE SEVEN SEAS

With

**BLACK MANTA
EMPIRE**



• Call 555-FISH